The Whump War: Merlin

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Summary: Love reading whump? Love writing whump? Come join... the Whump!War ! rated for possible chapters, some will be K

1. Happy To Be Your Servant

DISCLAIMER: (I really have to start doing these XP) I don't own Merlin. If I did, Agravaine would have died in s04e02. Sheesh.

Alright, get ready for - the Whump!War ! :D I'll be putting one in the Soul Eater category soon too, but for now here's the overview:

Basically it's a fanfic where the readers write the chapters. Well, the first one â€" the intro â€" I will write, but after thatâ€¦ yay! They'll probably be completely out of order and won't make much sense together, but the idea is that each chapter is a one-shot in which one character or more is the whump! victim. Choose one â€" could be your favorite, could be your least favorite â€" and write a one-shot in which they get tortured, beaten, stabbed, run over by a horse, even killed, and then PM or review it to me. I'd actually prefer you PM it, because you'll kind of fill up the review page and give readers unintentional sneak peeks if you send it to me via review! *le gasp* but anyways, if you want I will beta it, although if you don't want me to that's fine. Then what happens is I post it as the next chapter! *dun dun duuuunn* you will get full credit â€" duh â€" and we'll all hug you and give you cookies!

RULES AREâ€¦

No stealing this idea. I'm putting a lot of work into it and I don't like it when people swipe my stuff. You may find yourself being attacked by rabid giraffes and plot bunnies in the middle of the night.

Please have some sort of plot line in your one-shot. I know, it's not going to be some long multi-chapter fic that you'll have to

dedicate yourself to, but it should make **_**sense.**_** Don't start with 'Merlin was thrown in a cage and kicked and strung up and beat to death. The end.' Nobody wants to read that. -.-**

Make it **_ledgible.**_** If it's all 'So the wild dogs attacked Merlin cuz he wuz bein clumsy and stupid as usual so the wild dogs ttacked hm & tore hm up to bitz.' Plz no txt tlk. Iz vry annoying. I will get vry P.O.'d. o.O**

I reserve the right to veto a story if it's too graphic, too mature, too txt tlky (although I will offer to beta it), or anything that would make it bad for kids/bad in general to read. Also, no slash. No girlxgirl or boyxboy. Sorry, but it makes me gag. If you're **_really really **_**desperate to write a slashy whump fic, go post it somewhere else. I'll accept bromance.**

Like I said in Rule 4, let's keep it PG13. Or, in our fanfiction language, T-K+. and no crack!fics. this is a **_whump**_** war.**

Also, if you have a sequel chapter or a filler or something I'll post that too, but justâ€¦ make sure it exceeds a thousand words. actually, that goes for pretty much every chapter. Although I might make exceptions for those small tearjerking five-hundred-word drabbles if that's what you're really good at.

Well, I think that's it! :D oh wait, one more thing â€" if you write Merlin!whump, I will hug you to death. Not that I hate him â€" in fact I think his ears are **_adorable**_** â€" just that I have this complex where I love to torture my favorite charactersâ€¦ o.O so yeah... Just warning ya! This story might not be as 'whumpy' as others, but I consider it whump. kind of. o.o with the whole dagger-twisting thingâ€¦ ah, just read it. ;3**

Oh, and, if you want to, - /watch?v=i6dfuNNNhnw â€" it's the soundrack from How to Train Your Dragon, just put youtube in front of it ;) this one's 'Where's Hiccup,' it's kind of sad and '' but it gets cheerful in the middle, then back to sadâ€¦ it kinda fits this story c; like the sadâ€¦ then the memories are happyâ€¦ then sad againâ€¦ **_really **_**sadâ€¦**

Kay, now let's get started!

* * *

><p>Arthur sighed. Council meetings were <em>so <em>boring. Just a bunch of elderly men with plump bellies and fancy robes arguing about the prices of apples in contrast with the prices of grapes. _Seriously. _Why did they even need him here? Since he'd become King, nothing of import had happened. All he did was sit around listening to these old 'advisors' babbleâ€¦ if only some sort of battle were happening. Anything to get him off this uncomfortable wooden throne-chair. He grimaced at Merlin, who was watching with an amused grin off to the side. One of the councilors waved him over and ordered some mead, while the manservant saw fit to stifle his giggle and run off with a teasing smile shot at his King. Arthur wanted to groan out loud â€" alcohol was exactly what they _didn't_ need these paunchy debating idiots drinking. Everything was going downhill _fast._ Gwaine, who was standing around with the other knights as per usual, gave an eager glance towards the door where Merlin had

disappeared, the serving door that led to the kitchens. _Now _Arthur let out a barely audible groan. The councilors drinking was one thing â€" they could be tugged back to their rooms quickly by their personal servants, and it would probably make their conversation more entertaining â€" but _Gwaine_ drinking? He already did too much of that. This would just make him blather unintelligibly about unicorns and whatnot. And a knight was much stronger and unwilling than a fat lord.

Just as Merlin popped back in with the promised pitcher of mead and was hurrying over to the man â€" Lord Bolitar or something like that â€" the throne doors were blown off their hinges to the accompanying girly shrieks of the lords. They scattered and thumped their way slowly to the walls, where they huddled, terrified. Gwaine pouted, disappointed, for now he obviously wouldn't get any mead, but drew his sword anyways and matched the level blades of Elyan and Percival beside him. A sorcerer, a middle-aged man with a small salt-and-pepper beard with hair to match, stood with an evil smirk that was rather pathetic compared to Morgana's legendary one. Arthur drew his sword and stood at the head of his knights, noticing out of the corner of his eye how Merlin stooped and slowly picked up a small knife that had fallen from one of the dead guard's belts. He stood by the door, then very carefully made his way around the pillars, making sure the sorcerer didn't notice him, to stand about even with Arthur by the wall.

"You used magic in front of me, deeming you an enemy to the throne," Arthur threatened, but his manservant could see the slightly bored dull look in his eyes like this was a speech he could recite in his sleep. "You are under arrest."

"I don't think so," the sorcerer sneered. "I am Dalmar, the great druid outcast that resides in the forest of Ascetir. It seems you are the _great and mighty King Arthur._ I'd expected you to beâ€¦ older." The King visibly snarled at this, and readied his sword. "You've become troublesome of late," Dalmar continued. "I think I'll eliminate the trouble."

With a flick of his wrist, an unseen knife came hurtling through the air towards Arthur, who found that he couldn't move. Dalmar had frozen him with a muttered spell and a golden flash of eyes. The knights were seemingly too startled to move, and the King just gazed with wide eyes at the small dagger that seemed to slow down infinitesimally as it neared his chest. _**This is it. I don't die in battle, but by the hand of a cowardly sorcerer that barges into my throne room and freezes me with a spell. I didn't want to be remembered like this.**_

Slowly, his blue eyes closed and he readied himself for the pain. _**I'm sorry, Guinevere.**_ He heard the sound of metal through flesh, the small gasp, and the thud as a body hit the floor. But was it his own? No, he didn't think so. Then whatâ€¦? All the knights were, he realized, frozen as well â€" it hadn't been just shock keeping them in place. But there was no flash of pain, no impact of his limbs against the cold stone floor. Arthur's eyes snapped open.

"_Merlin!"_

Gwaine's roar drowned out the King's frantic cry, and by some miracle

the knight tore free of the spell and attacked Dalmar visciously. The sorcerer dodged, still grinning, although a little surprised that someone could break through his enchantment. With a flick of his wrist, the dagger twisted in Merlin's chest, making the servant cry out in pain. Again and again the sorcerer did this, Merlin's protests becoming weaker and weaker, until Gwaine lost it completely and leaped forward, skewering Dalmar through his heart. For a second he looked surprised at the blade sprouting out of his skin, but then he slumped and it was over. Well, almostâ€¦

"Merlin, no," Arthur whispered, dropping to his knees by his manservant's side. The warlock's breathing had become labored, his eyes screwed shut tightly. "Somebody get Gaius!" the blonde royal called, his voice breaking at the physician's name. "Hurryâ€¦"

"No, Arthurâ€¦" came the broken whisper. "It's too lateâ€¦ don'tâ€¦ waste any suppliesâ€¦ on meâ€¦" His master shook his head, eyes fixed on the dagger imbedded in the servant's skinny chest. His threadbare blue shirt was already slowly turning the color of the bright red neckerchief fastened around his neck. The small nicks and tears in the scrap of fabric brought back memories, memories Arthur had used to cherish.

"_Well I may be a wimp, but at least I'm not aâ€¦ dollop head."_

"_There's no such word."_

"_It's idiomatic."_

"_It's what?"_

"_You need to be more in touch with the people."_

"_Describe 'dollop head.'"_

"_In two words?"_

"_Yeah."_

"_Uhâ€¦ Prince Arthur."_

Now there would be no more friendly spats, no more stupid nicknames like 'clotpole' or 'dollop head' or 'prat.' _**No, don't think that, you'll save him, Merlin's going to surviveâ€¦ he always survivesâ€¦**_

Arthur watched, horrified, as the rocks fell into the small gulley, cutting himself off from the bandits andâ€¦

"_Merlin!__"_

The King didn't register Gwaine's sobs as he clutched his first friend's hand, not pleading or begging, just accepting the warlock's fate. _**No, he always survivesâ€¦ Merlin always survivesâ€¦ he just **__**doesn't **__**dieâ€¦ he'll make it this time tooâ€¦**_

"_Oh, I know who you are."_

"_Good."_

"_You're a prat. And a royal one."_

_That strange speech, almost likeâ€¦ he was saying
goodbye._

"_Justâ€¦ don't be a prat."_

And then he'd left, leaving a bewildered Arthur behind. But he came
back, just like he always did. Merlin went through the same battles
he did, no armor or weapons or anything. Just that familiar leather
jacket and the ever-present neckerchief. _**He survived that mace to
the chestâ€¦ this is nothingâ€¦ we just have to get Gaiusâ€¦ he'll
fix you up, Merlinâ€¦ don't worryâ€¦ you can have as much time off
work as you needâ€¦ and then you can get back to being your regular
clumsy self...**_

"_Merlin?"_

"_Nah, I don't really fancy it."_

"_You don't have a choice, Merlin."_

"_Alright."_

Always the sarcastic one, the clumsy one, the laughing one, the
loyal oneâ€¦ he never left. _**Merlin always survivesâ€¦ he always
makes itâ€¦ he **__**always**__** makes itâ€¦**_

_Now the memories start to swirl, bits and pieces flashing before the
King's eyes._

_—·_

"_It's rat."_

_—·_

"_You just had to open your big mouth, didn't you
Merlin?"_

_—·_

"_Body. Shield. Body. Shield. Body. Shield. Head."_

"_Head?" Clang. "Owâ€¦"_

_—·_

"_It's fine." Then the choking, Arthur turning, horrified. Merlin
crumpling to the ground._

"_It's poison!"_

_—·_

"_Destiniesâ€¦ are troublesome things. You feel trapped. Like your
whole life has been planned out for you and you've got no control
over anything and sometimes you don't know if a destiny decided is
really the best thing at all."_

"_How come you're so knowledgeable?"_

"_Hm? Oh, I read a book."_

"_What did this book tell you? Should I marry her?"_

"_That's not my place to say, sire."_

"_I'm asking you, it's your job to answer."_

"_You really want to know what I think?"_

A shrug.

"_I think you're mad, I think you're __**all**__ mad, people should marry for love. Not for convenience, and if Uther thinks that an unhappy king will make for a stronger kingdom then he's wrong. Because you may be destined to rule Camelotâ€¦ but you have a choice, as to how you do it."_

_·_

"_I need to talk to you."_

"_You still haven't got it yet, have you? __**I **__decide when we need to talk."_

"_Not today."_

"_I sometimes wonder if you know who I am!"_

"_Oh, I know who you are."_

"_Good."_

"_You're a prat. And a royal one."_

"_Are you ever going to change, Merlin?"_

"_No, you'd get bored! â€¦ Promise me this, if you get another servant, don't get a bootlicker."_

"_Is this you trying to leave your job?"_

"_No. I'm happy to be your servantâ€¦ until the day I die."_

"_Sometimes I think I know you, Merlin. Other timesâ€¦"_

"_Well, I know you. You're a great warrior. And one day you'll be a great king."_

"_That's very kind of you."_

"_But you must learn to listen as well as you fight."_

"_Any other pointers?"_

"_No, that's it. Justâ€¦ don't be a prat."_

_•_

"I promiseâ€¦" Arthur whispered, and a faint smile graced the dying warlock's lips. _**No, no, noâ€¦ this isn't happeningâ€¦ I'm not kneeling by the side of my manservant â€" my **__**friend**__** â€" as he diesâ€¦ Merlin doesn't dieâ€¦ it doesn't happenâ€¦ but it isâ€¦ why?**_

A small, choked laugh escaped Merlin's lungs. "Well, that's good. So you rememberedâ€¦ well, I'll save the dramatic speech now and let you remember that insteadâ€¦"

"No, you're going to make it. Gaius will be hereâ€¦ he'll fix you upâ€¦" Even Arthur realized how desperate he sounded. The worst part was, Gwaine made no move to agree or disagree, just sat there with now-silent tears running down his cheeks. "You're not dyingâ€¦ you just don't _dieâ€¦_"

The laugh returned. "Arthur, I'm still humanâ€¦ and all humans dieâ€¦ I always knew this was my destinyâ€¦ that I'd dieâ€¦ for _youâ€¦_ I guess you still don't know the whole storyâ€¦ haâ€¦ well, get Gaius to tell youâ€¦"

Arthur shook his head. "Tell me wh- no, nevermind that. Tell me what I need to do _now._ We needâ€¦ ah, bandages. I'll make some." The king began to tear off a strip of fabric from his shirt, press it to the wound around the dagger. Merlin gasped and waved it away.

"No, it won't helpâ€¦ I'm too far goneâ€¦ hey, just promise me these three thingsâ€¦"

"Anything," the king sobbed.

Another smile. "Oneâ€¦ when you get another servant, don't get a bootlickerâ€¦"

"That's only one," Arthur managed to whisper.

"Twoâ€¦ don't be a pratâ€¦"

The king silently mouthed the word three.

"Rememberâ€¦ thatâ€¦ I was happy to be your servantâ€¦ _until the day I diedâ€¦"_

Merlin took one last shuddering breath and his lips twitched into a tiny smile. Then his bright blue eyes began to close as he exhaled, and his head fell limply to the side.

The great warlock was dead.

Far away, and yet so close they felt they could touch it, all the inhabitants of the throne room at that moment â€" including a horrified Gaius just rushing in on the scene followed by a sobbing Gwen â€" felt their very bones shake as dust was loosed from the stones by the rumbling roarâ€¦ the roar of a grieving dragon. Kilgarrah's magic seemed to weave through Camelot itself, wrapping around Merlin and keening with a sound full of remorse and sorrow. A shriller cry accompanied it, that of the small hatchling

Aithusa.

For the last of the dragonlords, the protector of King Arthur, the greatest warlock the world will ever know, who went by the name of Emrys, but chiefly **Merlin**â€¦

was dead.

* * *

><p>'<em><strong>Do you feel cold and lost in desperation<strong>_

**You build up hope but failure's all you've known**

**Remember all the sadness and frustration**

**And let it go, let it goâ€¦'**

Iridescent by Linkin Park

    2. Bad Luck

Wow. First of all, I must say I thought this was forgotten. But let's have a thousand huge cheers for Ocean Mint Leaves, who submitted her frankly AMAZING story!

Okay, so you got Merlin!whump from me, be prepared for some (funny - no joke, I was cracking up) Arthur!whump ! :D

So. Back to the story. Um... ENJOY! I'll make sure to PM you all the reviews, Ocean. c; And don't be afraid to submit your own work, everybody! Try to be amazing like Ocean here! *tackle-hugs*

* * *

><p><span>Bad Luck<span>

* * *

><p>"Come now, my King" Alinor said, reaching to take the King of Camelot's chin with his dirty nails. Arthur growled and flinched away, fire blazing from his clear blue eyes.<p>

The small cell was filthy, smelling of rat excrement and sweat, while thE blazing sun shone down on both of his figures. Arthur's imposing, regal and handsome features, blue eyes icy and hard and the assassin's lean body from which protruded a hard, vulture-like face. His black eyes shone greedily, and he licked his lips as he forced Arthur's sky blue eyes to meet his.

"You'll regret this, Alinor," the King spat and Alinor saw the firm belief of survival shining in the King's eyes. Normally, he shook that spark away after his prisoners spent a few days on his care, but this man wasn't like the others. He sat, cold and silent, while Alinor had spoken about different ways of torture, even starting to whistle once. But for all his strength, King Arthur now looked exhausted. His eyes were barely focused, his breathing was ragged and the pallor of his skin spoke of all the blood loss the man had

endured. Surely, he should be hopeless by now? Why was the man still fighting? Truly, he had been caged in that cell for 3 days, barely eating and drinking, weakening every day from his injuries even if he tried to mend them as he could.

"Really?" he asked rhetorically, pacing through the cell as a smirking hyena would with its prey. As he analyzed the best way to cut King Arthur's jugular open, he commented spontaneously "I beg you to tell me, who's going to stop me?"

Suddenly a smile crept in the young King's face. A smile that the assassin didn't like. Not one bit. It was supercilious and mocking, the smile an adult directs a whiny little child.

"You told me a few days ago that you had known the druids, correct?" Arthur said, sounding as if he just wanted to start a pleasurable conversation.

Alinor frowned as he recalled the talk he had been engaged with the King when they first brought him into that hole. He'd told Arthur about his wandering past as he tied the man's wrists and looked tranquilly into those furious blue eyes.

"Yes" he answered carefully, surveying the King's triumphant expression. "What does that-?"

But King Arthur interrupted him, shaking his head as if he was addressing an especially irritable servant.

"Do you know who Emrys is?"

Alinor frowned, his coal like eyes going hard as stone. The mention of that man sent shivers down his spine but yet he maintained his expression impassive. And he started wondering about his prisoner's mental state when he heard him chuckle.

What was this boy talking about? He believed Emrys was going to save him? Emrys was supposed to be the most powerful magic-user the world had ever known, a product of the old religion itself. Shaking his head Alinor said through clenched teeth "You believe in fairytales, boy. Emrys will not rescue you. He's just a bare product of some druid's imagination. Even if he does exist, why would he rescue you?"

Arthur's sweaty, bloody face turned solemn. He glanced up at Alinor from his place chained to the wall with such a regal expression that Alinor felt a trickling sensation creep down his spine, sending shivers all over his body.

The young King glanced at him with almost a pitiful look in his eyes but Alinor couldn't shake the feeling that he was also enjoying this immensely.

"You know the rest of the legends, don't you, Alinor? Can you infer who I am?"

The assassin just glanced at the young blond King that had started to frizzle with imperial glow all of the sudden. His mind reeled as he recalled the legends he had heard as he grew, a stranded child stealing food near a druid villageâ€¦

Emrys was the most powerful wizard to ever exist… just a legend, he was not real. It was impossible that a man could hold so much power… but even without his own consent Alinor recalled the rest of the legend. Emrys… he was bound by destiny to The Once and Future King… Just what was Arthur Pendragon implying? That he was a foretold King, The King from the Legends and Oracles, the man who would be someday crowned the highesT King of all by destiny's hand?

It couldn't be.

"You can't be, boy," Alinor said. Both denial and… dare he admit it? horror showing in his face. "You are far too young and naïve. You are the son of Uther Pendragon!"

"Funny how destiny works, huh?" Arthur responded weakly but with such a solemn expression that Alinor cringed. "I would recommend you to let me go now before he comes. It will not be pretty."

The assassin's face hardened considerably. How dare he? After all, this pitiful King was in his power, beneath Alinor's iron chains and locked beneath Alinor's walls. His face turned a nasty shade of purple before he let out an angry hiss. "You are not giving me orders boy! I will tell what I'll do with you, Once and Future King or not!" And with that he spat at King Arthur of Camelot. The young man glared him with hate from his chains, pale and weary but still able to send dread through the strongest of men. Alinor didn't understand how the young King was still conscious and lucid, though. Blood was running down his cheeks, his leg had been pierced severely with a dagger and he had a considerable lump in the back of his head. All in all, he continued fighting.

But as much as he wanted to just kill the man right then and there, Alinor had been forced to wait by the Lady who'd asked him such request. The Witch Morgana Pendragon wanted the young man alive and well until she himself was there to witness the fall of her half-brother. Alinor wasn't too eager to comply (since he didn't like to play with his food) but a few bags of gold had done the trick and he'd been stuck with this annoying, cold and extremely resistant man for three days.

Glaring at the young King, Alinor went out of the filthy cell and closed the door with a soft shink. He stopped before turning round and meeting Arthur's cold gaze with his one enraged one.

"No one will rescue you, boy," he hissed through the rusty bars. "You hear me? There is no guardian angel, no Emrys to take you from my grasp."

As he turned away to leave, thinking that perhaps he'd left a shrunken King Arthur behind, he could hear the young King mutter, almost breathlessly, "You don't know that stubborn idiot like I do."

And ignorant he was.

For at the middle of the night, wails started coming from the warning bells and sudden bursts of light were seen through every single window Alinor spotted as he ran, like a madman, through his fortress.

It was then when Alinor heard a sound that made him freeze to the bones. Doors were snapping open, people were shouting and suddenly as people rushed past him, one of his subordinates shouted, his face terrified, "Sire, someone has entered the castle!"

Alinor didn't say a word. Instead, he turned on his heels and went through the screaming mob, directly to King Arthur's cell.

He found the King nodding off in his spot, the strain of his injuries finally weighing him down. But those blue eyes snapped open as soon as he heard the racket outside, and they became alight with something new, something else that Alinor had never seen.

His gaze found Alinor's, and the triumphant, almost tender look on Arthur's eyes took him aback. The King stood up, a foreign expression on his face, as if he was seeing through Alinor and looking far beyond those stone walls.

The fortress shook mightily once more and while Alinor's eyes widened and his heart quickened Arthur Pendragon's lips tugged upwards in a soft smile.

The assassin quickly entered the cell, locking the door behind him and throwing the key away to a pile of hay.

"It's useless, you can't stop him."

Alinor turned around to find King Arthur staring at him with those infuriating blue eyes, a smug smile on his face, as if he knew something no one else did. That's when he heard it.

A voice, far away but yet really near growled "Where is he? Where is Arthur?"

A scream, yells, people rushing past the burning fire that consumed the floorâ€¦

The assassin turned slowly towards King Arthur, surveying his chances of killing the King and getting out alive. Even if they were pretty slim, the destruction of his fortress screamed revenge, and revenge he would get. So with a swift movement he took a curved knife out, prepared to cut out that useless King's throat. But his prisoner's eyes were suddenly lit by blue fire. He glanced at his captor and turned his gaze towards the east, staring at the wall as if he could sense someone approaching. And thenâ€¦

King Arthur screamed.

"MERLIN!"

And everything went to hell.

A flash of light was seen from the end of the corridor and Alinor felt terrified for once in his life. Wind rushed in, a bang resounded through the trembling structure and Alinor made a final attempt to save himself, taking a leap and rushing towards the door.

But before he could reach it a young man, his face hooded by a dark cape that flooded through his thin frame, ran towards them, spotting the King in an instant and breaking the bars of the cell as if they

were made of clay. He stepped in, power and might radiating like the sun radiated light. Alinor was just capable of looking, terrified and in wonder. He refused to believe this young man was Emrys and yet it was obvious.

"Arthur!" the man sounded horrified at the state his King was in. He fell to his knees besides the young King, immediately whispering enchantments to get him off the chains. King Arthur gasped when he was free, leaning on Emrys's shoulder while he tried to regain his strength. Emrys just rubbed Arthur's back as the King whispered something about idiots and ridiculous neckerchiefs, tugging at a bright red one that protruded from the young man's slender neck

"It took you a bloody long time, didn't it?" The King said weakly, rubbing his wrists.

Emrys grinned and responded, "I'm afraid I had to look for you myself. I stormed into almost all the abandoned castles I found."

Alinor realized that, oddly, neither of them seemed to pay attention to him anymore. He started walking away, slowly, eyes still in the scene before him. The boy, Emrys, had gotten Arthur to his feet and was passing one of the warrior's arms through his lean shoulders. The King leaned on him heavily as he blinked away the exhaustion.

"It's alright, Arthur. I'm going to get you out of here, promise."

Alinor would always curse his bad luck for the rest of his life in account of what happened next. Emrys' blue eyes turned towards him and suddenly seemed to freeze him in place.

"Arthur?" Emrys asked, nudging The King in the ribs softly "Is this the man who did this to you?"

The young King didn't reply right away, he just looked at Alinor with a childish expression that said "See? I told you."

"Because if he is," Emrys continued, voice low and dangerous "He will have to come with us."

"Why?" Alinor croaked.

"Oh, just to lecture you on why you must not touch my King," Emrys said, shrugging his shoulders. The King yelped in pain and Emrys looked at him sheepishly "Sorry, Arthur."

"Look, Emrysâ€¦" Alinor kneeled on the floor, sweat suddenly flowing from his forehead "I didn't know you were born, Iâ€¦"

"He said you were a fairytale, Merlin," King Arthur supplied, his smile wide.

"Oh, did he now?" exclaimed Emrys with mock surprise "I guess we'll have to teach him a lesson, then?"

King Arthur grinned tiredly "I would say!"

At this point all that Alinor wanted was to disappear. His heart had

quickened to an unnatural pace and the way Emrys looked at him, with those bright blue eyes set on him like a falcon on a defenseless rabbit made him gulp down in fright. He seemed dead set on killing him or something worse…

"Would you be alright for a few minutes, Arthur?" Emrys said softly, lowering his King gently to the ground and flinching when Arthur growled in pain "Or should I just come and get him another day?"

"I've waited for you three bloody days because of you laziness, Merlin." Arthur said, rolling his eyes. "I think I can wait a few more minutes."

"Oh, well then," Emrys grinned lopsidedly and then turned to Alinor, who could feel his heart jumping to his throat. The mighty man's face grew solemn as he approached the kneeling man, taking him by the shoulders and bolting him upright. Alinor gaped when he realized that Emrys was actually taller than him.

Emrys pointed a finger right to his heart and said in a frightening voice "I could just blink and kill you right now. Tell me one good reason why I shouldn't."

Alinor blinked the tears that were starting to form in his eyes away before lowering his head. He was scared for his life…and the Old Religion knew he'd never been scared on his life. Emrys was real and he was protecting the Once and Future King who happened to be Arthur Pendragon.

"Please," Alinor said, sweat forming on his brow "I didn't know. I just wanted magic to return to the land…"

Emrys's eyes hardened at these words and he advanced even more. With a fluid movement he took off the hood and Alinor could see a pale, chiseled face, smooth raven hair and the blue eyes he had barely glimpsed behind the dark material, shinning dangerously. Emrys looked like a product from another world.

"How dare you take my King prisoner…" Emrys began his voice strangely calm but edged with fury. "to chain him to a wall and hurt him? You threatened him. You dared starve him and treat him like a pig when he is the most honorable of all the men I've met and definitely more honorable than men like you will ever be. These aren't offenses I take lightly, renegade of the druids. I won't kill you, because it's too good for you. You will come to Camelot and you will serve a life sentence in the dungeons. But before, I want you to mark my words."

Emrys's blue eyes flashed dangerously and Alinor yelped in fear. But there was no magic, no nothing. Just King Arthur's faint breathing in the background.

"No one touches Arthur Pendragon while I am alive," Emrys finished, and this time his eyes flashed gold. Alinor flew into unconsciousness.

When he opened his eyes again he was chained to a wall, his head resting down on his chin. Opening his bleary eyes, the assassin saw hay all around him and then a voice which would give him nightmares

for the rest of his life.

"Shut up and stop squirming around!"

He became impossibly still, wondering why the hell Emrys wanted him to stop moving. But he did it anyway. Anything but that man's wrath.

"Stop fussing over me, Merlin! I already told you I am perfectly alright!"

He blinked one eye open and frowned at what the saw. Arthur Pendragon and Emrys were standing a few meters from his cell, Emrys trying to assess the damage done to King Arthur's head, sighing as he passed his hands expertly through his King's blond hair.

"Really Arthur? Again? What is it with you and permanent brain damage?"

"Merlinâ€¦."

"What? Gaius is out and I already closed your leg wound and made you a potion for your strained muscles. But I have to look at that swellingâ€¦it does not look goodâ€¦"

King Arthur squawked indignantly when Emrys poked him on the center of the head, none too gently. "Merlin!" he said, fuming, "What's wrong with you?"

"Stop moving and let me do my job!"

"You knowâ€¦ I prefer to wait for Gaiusâ€¦"

"Your brain can be bleeding on the insideâ€¦!"

"But it is not."

Emrys narrowed his eyes and crossed his arms across his chest. "How did youâ€¦"

"You are not going out of your mind" Arthur shrugged, much to Alinor's confusion "If I was in mortal danger you'd be jumping around like the scared girl you areâ€¦"

Emrys' frowned and Alinor wondered why on earth King Arthur could get away with calling the most powerful man on earthâ€¦ a girl.

"So much for saving your royal backsideâ€¦" Emrys muttered, locking his eyes with the ceiling.

King Arthur smirked and passed an arm through the other man's lean shoulders "So much for letting me rot for three days on that stinking cellâ€¦ but you know what? Let's call it even and go eat, I'm starvingâ€¦"

Emrys' brows flew upwards as he smiled amusedly "I've already told you to lie down on those sausagesâ€¦"

"Say one more word... OW!"

Alinor watched, mouth agape, as Emrys jumped with expertise and muttered a spell as he pressed his palm to the blood clotted back of the King's head. Arthur grabbed the young Emrys by that ridiculous red neckerchief as the man grinned and congratulated himself for his skill.

Alinor only watched with increasing dread.

King Arthur twisted the neckerchief around with his fist as he yelled at the top of his voice "You idiot! That really hurt!"

"But now I've given your few brain cells a few more years to live." Emrys' answered, smoothing his neckerchief with his lean hands as he beamed at his King "What's left of them anyway."

"Merlinâ€¦"

"Yes Arthur?"

"Run."

"Yes Arthur."

And Emrys' went out of the dungeons, laughing maniacally as King Arthur ran after him, a grim smile plastered on his face.

Meanwhile, a stunned failed assassin looked at the ceiling as he tried to process what he had just seen but footsteps got him out of his reverie. The assassin narrowed his eyes at a handsome young man with a flask on his hands and smelling strongly of ale.

"So you are Alinor?" the knight was smiling at him through the bars of the cell. He had long dark hair and shinning dark brown eyes. "Hello, mate," he said. "I've come to visit you. You must be lonely. It seems that you managed to make our Merlin really angry."

He heard grunts and a yelp coming from outside the dungeons as more stifled laughs came from the two legendary men and then the knight took another sorb of his flask.

"Are they always like this?" he asked meekly as he heard another round of insults and footsteps running all over the place.

The knight beamed at him "What, them? Oh yes, all the time. If you ask me, I'd say it keeps things entertaining around here."

Alinor rolled his eyes and wondered if normal meant that the legendary Emrys and the Once and Future King were behaving like children around each other. He closed his eyes and sighed when he realized that he would have to listen to this banter for the rest of his life.

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A few centuries later, while archaeologists where assessing the ruins of King Arthur's large castle, they discovered a very curious thing -

a skeleton with his bony hands pressed to his ears, his jaw tightened as if he tried very hard to silence something that had been bothering him.

* * *

><p><strong>Well? Amazing, right? Let's give Ocean a BIG round of applause! *claps enthusiastically*<strong>

Anywho, just... review? :3 We've got a talented author here more than worthy of your appreciation. *eyes threateningly* DO IT. NOW. OR I KILL YOU. (or I'll send an enraged, awesome BAMF!Merlin after you. He thinks you kidnapped Arthur.)

**_~DeaththeKidKat and Ocean Mint Leaves_
><strong>

    3. Five Times Merlin Collapsed On The Job

Yay! Another so soon after posting the last one? *is amazed* you people are awesome! (and I haven't even gotten through the first FIVE of the thirty FanFiction emails in my inbox!)

**So, I know I said over a thousand words, but Feste the Fool reviewed with a few microfics and I thought they were really good... amazing... all that... SO I'M BREAKING MY OWN RULE! ^.^'
**

Whatever. Let's hear a round of applause for Feste the Fool!

* * *

><p><span>Five Times Merlin Collapsed On The Job<span>

* * *

><p><strong>1. Hunger<strong>

He awoke to someone slapping his face. "Merlin, I _swear_ to you," said Arthur's voice as his face swam back into focus. "If you _ever_ skip four meals in a row again I _will_ stuff you _into_ a suckling pig and _then_ put you in the stocks. You understand me?"

"Hear, hear," Gaius muttered from beside the bed.

Merlin blinked. "Uh, yes sires?"

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2. Blood Loss

The maid cooed as she fluffed Merlin's pillow. "You were _so brave._ I never realized. Can I get you something else? Book, snack, anything?"

"No, thanks," Merlin said, rubbing his bandaged shoulder. To his mortification, she pinched his cheek before bouncing out the door. He looked at Arthur. "I don't want a maid."

He smirked. "Consider this your _punishment."_

"For taking a dagger for my king?"

"For scaring your _friend_ half to death, idiot."

"Prat."

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3. Trip

One second he was following Arthur back from the training grounds, the next he was hurtling backwards down the staircase, armor clattering behind. He landed with a loud _oomphf._

"Merlin!" Arthur shouted, jogging back down. "Are you all right?"

"Just peachy." The servant sat up, then laid back down as the world spun around him.

He felt much better when Arthur slipped too and landed on top of his own breastplate with a high-pitched yelp.

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4. Fright

"The look on your FACE!" Gwaine gasped, laughing harder.

"You're such a GIRL, Merlin!" Arthur wheezed.

"It wasn't even a real snake," Leon said. "It was just a bootlace!"

"Did you see the way he justâ€¦" Eylan motioned with his hands, then imitated a fall to the floor.

"I hate you all," Merlin growled, standing and stalking out of the room, plotting revenge.

They would learn the perils of pranking Camelot's Court Magician.

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5. Curse

Arthur squinted one eye open, then the other. A broad grin broke out across his face as he studied the evil sorcerer in front of him. "Hah! Some all-powerful magician you are! You couldn't even hit a target three feet in front of you!"

"He didn't miss, Arthur," murmured a pained voice in his ear. He turned in horror just in time to catch a falling Merlin before he burst into flames.

* * *

><p><strong>Welllllll? AMAZINGLY AWESOME-SAUCEINGLY GOOD, RIGHT? *tosses eight cookies and a panda plushie to Feste the Fool* GOOD JOB! YOU DESERVE RECOGNITION!<strong>

Review, people. Or I will hunt you down and Eat. You. ^.^ nothing personal.

~DeaththeKidKat and Feste the Fool

    4. Bandits Again

O. M. F. S. WOW! I kept checking my email and ANOTHER story pops up! Let's hear it for the incredible writergirl142!

* * *

><p><span>Bandits... Again<span>

* * *

><p>Things could've gone better, Merlin had to admit that. Although it was technically Arthur's fault they had gotten captured in the first place. Now, the two boys were lying on a cold hard floor and of course the prat would have to be unconscious. It would probably be up to Merlin to get them out of this mess.<p>

Everything had been going brilliantly that morning. Merlin had actually managed to get up on time and bring Arthur his breakfast. They had exchanged the usual banter of "idiot" and "dollop-head" and Arthur had thrown a goblet at his head, which Merlin had dodged quite easily. Then the clot-pole had decided to go on a hunt, just to spite him, Merlin was sure of it.

So, as usual, trouble came in the form of bandits and Merlin and Arthur were knocked out and brought to the bandits' hideout. Merlin had woken up first and immediately began to assess any damage that had been done to them, checking over Arthur first. The prince had a knot on his head, and Merlin was sure he himself had one to match, but that was it. There was no blood, no broken bones, no anything.

They were locked in a dark, dank room with cell bars in front and a

small barred window behind them.
>The cell door opened and in walked a man who was twice Arthur's
size. He had dark hair, dark scraggly beard and dark beady eyes. He
glared over in Merlin's direction.<p>

"You," he said, his voice sounding like he was gargling gravel. "Come
with me." He walked over to Merlin, grabbed him by the collar of his
jacket and pulled him up, yanking him over to the open door. Merlin
took one last look at the unconscious prince before he was pulled
away.

When Arthur woke, he found that his head was pounding and his
manservant was nowhere in sight. "Merlin!" he yelled, but as he
suspected got know answer from said servant. "Where is that idiot?
And where the heck am I?" he muttered.

As if on cue, the cell door opened again and a body was flung inside,
the door closing shut behind it. Arthur looked closely at the body
and, when it turned over, Arthur gasped as his sky blue eyes met the
sapphire ones of his servant.

"Merlin?" The boy nodded, then yelled out in pain, his eyes clenching
shut. Arthur crawled closer to Merlin, ignoring the stabbing pains in
his head. As soon as he was close enough, he gathered Merlin in his
arms, shaking him slightly. "Merlin, what happened?" Merlin opened
his eyes and looked at Arthur.

"They wanted information," he answered. "But, I promise, I didn't
give any to them." Merlin coughed violently, blood bubbling at the
corners of his mouth, and Arthur now saw that there were several
bleeding cuts across the warlock's chest. Taking Merlin's neckerchief
from around his neck and pressing it against each cut on Merlin's
chest, he tried to staunch the bleeding as he heard Merlin chuckle
weakly.

"I'm a dead man," he said. Arthur glared at him, or as best he could
as the warlock grew paler and paler.

"You're not going to die, Merlin," the King said firmly. He pulled
the neckerchief away and looked at the boy's chest. The bleeding had
stopped, but Arthur wanted to be sure that Merlin wasn't injured
anywhere else. He took Merlin's jacket off him, wincing when Merlin
yelped from pain. Pushing his shirt up, Arthur hissed when he saw
Merlin's side was turning black and purple from intense bruising.
Unfortunately, Arthur couldn't tell if the bruising indicated broken
ribs or not. "Just hold on, you idiot. I'm sure by now someone has to
be looking for us."

"Sure," Merlin said in a monotone. "Whatever you say." He closed his
eyes, and Arthur heard his breathing even out, indicating that the
boy had fallen asleep. Arthur sighed and looked at the small window
in their cell.

Someone has to be looking for us, he thought. _They have to
be._

Arthur didn't know how right he was. Upon discovering that Arthur and
Merlin had not returned from the hunt, the Knights of the Round Table
began searching for them. They began searching in the forest, near
where they had heard that the two had last been. After several hours,

they still had had no luck.

"If we don't find them," Gwaine said, "I'll lose my mind."

"Bit late for that, isn't it?" Elyan questioned, earning him a glare
from the drunkard knight.

"Let's not lose hope," Leon said. "Arthur and Merlin are here
somewhere. We just have to keep looking for them."

"Leon's right." Percival said. "If it were any of us, neither Arthur
nor Merlin would stop until we were found. Merlin, especially." They
all smiled, thinking about how far the boy they all considered a
little brother would go to find any one of them. They had to do the
same. And so, they continued on.

Arthur wiped the sweat from his brow. It was boiling down here.
Looking beside them, he saw that Merlin was still asleep, but he
tossed and turned and there was sweat on his face as well. When
Arthur reached over to feel the boy's forehead, he found it burning
with fever. His wounds had gone too long without treatment and
infection was beginning to set in. Arthur feared what would happen if
he did not receive medical help as soon as possible.

That was when Arthur heard the clanging of metal against metal as
well as loud shouting. Getting to his feet, Arthur walked over to the
cell door. He struggled to look through the bars, but found he was
unable to do so. He continued listening to the noise going on until
four familiar faces appeared in his line of sight.

The Knights of the Round Table had found them.

"Arthur!" Leon exclaimed as Gwaine grabbed the keys and tossed them
to him, quickly opening the door. "You're alright?"
>Arthur nodded. "I'm fine." He said. "Better then Merlin. We have to
get him back to Gaius." Leon nodded and Percival hurried past Arthur
into the cell to Merlin. He picked up the warlock in his arms and
carried him out. Arthur, Elyan, Gwaine and Leon followed closely, the
latter watching his King carefully.<p>

They climbed on their horses, Leon and Arthur on his, and Merlin on
Percival's. They quickly pushed the horses to a fast gallop, eager to
get as far away from the bandits hideout as quick as possible.

They rode into Camelot and dismounted. Percival once again carried
Merlin directly to Gaius's chambers, with Arthur hot on his heels.
They burst into the physician's chambers, where the old man was busy
sorting through some herbs. Upon seeing Merlin, he said, "Quickly,
Percival, lay him down on the table." Percival obliged, setting the
pale, feverish warlock where he was directed. Gaius quickly assessed
the damage that had been done to his ward.

"He has bruising on his side." Arthur pointed out. Gaius looked up at
him, nodded and pushed up Merlin's shirt, revealing the mottled black
and blue marks. The physician inspected it as Arthur held his
breath.

Finally, Gaius smiled and said, "Do not worry, sire. Merlin's ribs
are only bruised, and he escaped any broken bones. In total, the
extent of his injuries could have been worse. Though the cuts on his

chest are infected, they are not life threatening. He has a split lip
and a large bump on his head, but other than that, he should make a
full recovery."

Arthur sighed with relief. Merlin was going to be okay. He sank into
a chair beside the table and watched as Gaius bandaged Merlin's
wounds. When Gaius left to get water to cool Merlin's fever, Arthur
was left alone with the unconscious servant.

"Arthur?" Arthur looked up and found Merlin staring at him, confusion
written all over his face. "Where are we? How did we get
here?"

Arthur chuckled. "The knights found us and rescued us. We're in
Gaius's chambers, back in Camelot." Merlin said nothing, but nodded,
showing he understood. Arthur continued. "I just wanted to say thank
you. You didn't have to endure that all for Camelot."

"Wasn't just for Camelot," Merlin whispered. Arthur looked curiously
at him, an eyebrow raised. "You're my friend, Arthur. They said if I
didn't tell them what they wanted to hear, they'd kill _you_."

"I guess we're lucky that they never got the chance," Arthur said.
Merlin smiled and nodded, wincing in pain. Gaius came back in and
Arthur stood up.

"I want you to take a few days off to recover. Do not come to work
unless Gaius deems you fit for duty, you understand?"

"Whatever you say, dollop-head." Merlin replied, grinning slightly.
Arthur rolled his eyes and departed. Merlin looked over at Gaius, who
just smiled before walking over to him and, after putting a cool
cloth to the boy's forehead, gave him a tonic to help with the
pain.

In no time at all, the warlock had fallen into a deep sleep, Arthur's
thanks replaying itself in his mind.

* * *

><p><strong>Yay! ^.^ round of applause, as usual! *claps
enthusiastically* REVIEW. Or I will <em>burn...<em> the _heart_ out
of you. (cookies for those who review with the reference. c;
)**

**_~DeaththeKidKat and writergirl142_
><strong>

    5. IMPORTANT

Greetings to the fine folk that moderate our site.

Myself, along with many, have been writing and posting on your fine
site for years now, some of the better examples of up and coming
writers out there are now suddenly finding some of the stories we've
come to love at risk of being removed without the chance to even
rectify our errors.

For some, that means the permanent loss of a story. While I don't

have anything that I believe violates your terms of use, there are those out there that are never able to recover a story in its original form, this is something I find to be almost worthy of a legal action, as while we cannot claim ownership of a character, the stories are OURS and simply destroying them is something that is inexcusable.

It's quite easy to simply add an MA rating, additional filters or even a simple requirement for a free membership to read the stories presented here, and would cut down on hateful anonymous reviews and posts at the same time, so I have to question as to why such a thing, in all this time, simply wasn't added.

If you're worried about falsification of a registration then have an appropriate disclaimer and then there can be no dispute, you took your steps and the PARENTS didn't monitor their children, if that is even your concern. If it is more of a personal view or desire then please at least let people know and give them a chance to remove a story that you and yours find offensive, most people on the site are actually rather cordial when it comes to such requests.

While I cannot say for sure if this letter will even reach those that may be willing to listen, of if it's more akin to a wide spectrum purge in preparation for something bigger, please understand that you are going to be looseing a LARGE number of your writers, and thus your income from a lack of readers if there is not some level of action taken to help with this situation.

For those that may agree with this, please feel free to sign on and send this to the support server, maybe we can get some movement on this.

Psudocode_Samurai

Rocketman1728

dracohalo117

VFSNAKE

Agato the Venom Host

Jay Frost

SamCrow

Blood Brandy

Dusk666

Hisea Ori

The Dark Graven

BlackRevenant

Lord Orion Salazar Black

Sakusha Saelbu

Horocrux

socras01

Kumo no Makoto

Biskoff

Korraganitar the NightShadow

NightInk

Lazruth

ragnrock
kyuubi

SpiritWriterXXX

Ace6151

FleeingReality

Harufu

Exiled crow

Slifer1988

Dee Laynter

Angeldoctor

Final Black Getsuga

ZamielRaizunto

Fenris187

blood enraged

arashiXnoXkami

Masane Amaha's King

Blueexorist

Nero Angelo Sparda

Sharkteeth

DAPC

Kyuubi16

bunji the wolf

EternalKnight219

Shi Kami The Murderous Prodigy

DeathNoteMaker

Nostalgic Remedy

Paco the Taco Maker

Slayer of Destiny

MisaPummelman

Houseofnightfan1

Serenity of the Lake

Tarnished Silver
Things

dArK-dAeMoIs-Dea

nurielle

Hunnypooh

moonlightskymist

Start of Insanity

Misting Rain

Chrystel Malfoy-Potter

PiWrite

Khodgi01

DarkKittehKat

**I've seen a few versions of this letter... and I must say, I do
agree. :3 Apparently there's a boycott of this site (June 8 & 9) and
you may join if you wish, I don't know if I will... school will have
just gotten out and I'm perfectly happy holed up in my room reading
fanfiction... but they need people, so join in!**

-Kat-

**P.S. I changed my pen name ;P like it? (this is DeaththeKidKat
btw)**

End
file.